JANET'S TEMPTATION.

A Simple Story of Woman's Love waiting tor. and Self-Sacrifice.

[By Mrs. M. Sheffey Peters.]

Miss Glendower had been a guest at Glen | doctor has returned, and they have left." indeed a part of her very self.

ners, and some her fine dreves; and spoke, at | But now? Janet drew a long breath. The came her; she sank back, and was soon in the Janet Harlow. He and Janet were as good as | With the thought she rushed forward. engaged before Miss Glendower came. Perhaps | But at that instant she caught sight of Docthe beek and call of this false enchantress, and poor Janet, the prendest woman that ever "Let him save ber," she cried, cleuching her long did not relinquish their hold. So

"Yes, I saw Janet and the doctor pass each | ness of mine." plainly, I assure you, at being thus more than scene, all would be over.

ject one day.

you not tell me something about her? She is | the fatal wheel. the village school-mistress, I believe, I have "Miss Glendower-Miss Glendower!" she other, have you not?"

Miss Glandower, had avoided him. So a cool- it limb from limb.

say; and so remained silent. stream. Suddenly she glanced up.

do not answer?" she said. "Or of that profes- made up on the moment. my question, surely?'

"Yes, I heard it," he answered, promptly. tion you suggest. At this moment, I am in- voice was that of Doctor Beverly. clined to say that we have not been."

Was there a double meaning in his words?

"I think you are not one to give your alle- | further wheel is set in motion." giance, whether in friendship or in love, and afterwards to withdraw it lightly. Are you?" " No," he answered, his face brightening.

her beauty, her Circe-like fascinations,

that time, learned to read my nature as you have | stopping the wheels. done in the six weeks of our acquaintance." tiful eyes to his for a moment, while the color | and was thumped and tossed hither and thither.

been your friend. I have found out so much, | judgment. so very much, in this briefer acquaintance." acting, it was wonderfully done.

and looking up, saw the object of their conver- beyond the sweep of the wheels and safe, at phere always acting soothingly on her nerves, insensible weman at her side. like cowurdice: so she went on bravely,

Miss Glendower was the only one who was, But Miss Glendower was all sweetness.

was following Janet. "Where did you-excuse | him pitcously. me-where did you, in a place like this, pick up such a beauty y "It was a gift from Doctor Beverly," Janet replied, coolly.

St On 1 !! "And," moved by a sudden impulse of jeal- | which Dr. Beverly says is dangerous." ousy, "I am bringing it back to him. Alpha's Janet shuddered. caprices occupy too much time for a poor school-

Bulsiress-"Miss Harlow-Janet, as you call her," said has work to do."

At any other time, Doctor Beverly would have resented such a speech; but he was stung

Miss Glendover, go up to that lady and fondle so that she had been carried away to her own | the iron at intervals, which will be filled with

"What is that?" said the doctor, sharply,

Glendower, looking up innocently, "don't be applying a wet bandage to her foot, so severe. Pray, what has Alpha done? What

has any of us done? to a dozen different governments in a day? All | not to notice the movement. the Talleyrands are not dead yet-us-witness "I think she will do now, Margery," he said.

dower, watching Janet, as the latter went on bandage, when necessary, and keep her quiether way. "I suppose she would murder me, if that is all." she dated-and all because poor ignocent I have | No, not all; for, as he turned to leave the

made friends with her discarded pet." spoke, with her great eyes, the very picture of | ence, and went back. childish simplicity. But somehow the eyes "Are you suffering pain anywhere?" he had, suddenly, lost their glamor. He was asked, kindly. thinking of Janet, and wishing he had not "No," she answered with an effert, striving

spoken so cruelly to her-so almost brutally, to imitate his calmness. "At least, not now. as he now thought. "I must be off," he said, abruptly. "My ago. What was it?" patient is waiting for me. I see Alpha has

stuid behind. How edd!" word," replied Miss Glandower. "What a our system has had a severe shock. So my beauty he is! I am almost tempted to ask you orders are that you are to be kept very quiet.

like glances. But the doctor, irritated at himself, irritated at her, and irritated even at Janet, had already his smile always was. But she did not answer, left the bridge, and was striding away in the | She only gave a dreary little gasp of assent. He distance, not hearing, or too angry, if he did | saw she was not thinking of herself, and though

hear, to answer. walk, met the miller going to his mill. The day | such a pitiful questioning in her eyes, that he from school. In answer to her greeting, the her wrist with his fingers one more. miller told her that, holiday as it was, he had | "Can't you promise," he said, tenderly, "that

As Janet approached the bridge she saw Miss | faintly, after a moment.

Glendower still there. "The miller's suspicion is right," she said. "Her ladyship is waiting for the doctor." self in a clump of trees. "I will not go forward," she said, "till the

Alder for hardly a month, yet all the men in | But hardly had she spoken, when a startling that pleasant little village were wild over her. Thing occurred. Just beyond the bridge was She was certainly very beautiful; she had a | the mili-race, which a rude log crossed, leading | for you to stay here. I can do quite well, you wonderful charm of manner; she dressed in the to the mill-wheels, of which there were two. | see, with Margery." most exquisite taste. Was it strange that she | Suddenly, to Janet's dismay, she saw Miss Glencarried everything before her? Her admirers dower, as if impatient of waiting, and perhaps here," he answered, quietly. "You will do to say nothing of George Washington Lafayette thought that the very conslips and crocuses, attracted by the cool look of the mossy wheels, | well, if you will only be quiet. Mrs. Caxton the issuines and honeysuckles, had never be- rapidly cross this log, and disappear behind will be here presently, and when she comes, and fore blossomed in such profusion and perfection | the wheels. As suddenly it flashed on Janet | Miss Glendower is in her care, I will come | the white children put together. of beauty; she carried summer with her wher- that, in another moment almost, if the miller | again to see you, and tell you if any unfavorever she went, it was said; so much of warmth, went to work, the wheels would be in motion. | able symptom has set in with Miss Glendower," and beauty, and brightness went with her-was | Of course Miss Glendower did not know this, | "He is, perhaps, too sanguine. He loves her, The day was a public holiday; the mill, she and can't believe she will die," said Janet, half With her own sex she was not so popular. supposed, would not be at work; as long as the pityingly, half bitterly, as he went out; and Some envied her beauty, some her city man- wheels were not in motion there was no danger. then, in spite of everything, her weakness over-

least, behind her back, disparagingly of her, in temptation was almost too much for her. She dead sleep of exhaustion. consequence. Others professed to view her had only to keep quiet, and her rival-yes, her It was late in the afternoon when she awoke. more impartially, but most, even of these, pro- haid rival; for she now felt that she hated Her first thought was of Miss Glendower, "If tower, and wept so for localiness that he nonneed her selfish and heartless. "She is a this sorceress - would no longer cross her she dies, I am her marderer," she said to her-Circe, I tell you," said one of them, Mrs. Weath- path. But in a moment she flung the base self. "She must be worse, or someone would erby, addressing a group of girls. "See how | thought aside. "Great heavens," she cried, she has beguiled Doctor Beverly away from "a single turn of the wheel will be death."

the exact words had not been spoken, but there | tor Beverly returning from his professional | spoke. But suddenly there was a step on the could have been no mistaking the dector's at- visit. Again the old jerlousy surged up in her matting, and her wrist was pressed by fingers | had been left them by a relative, and then papa tentions; and now, my gentleman is forever at | heart, and conquered every better feeling. She | large and firm-patient fingers they were, too;

lived, is left to cat out her heart in mortifica- hands until the delicate nails cut into the ten- aware of the irregular fluctuations underneath eyes, and taught music, and sewed for people, der flesh. "Let him save her. It is no busi- them. Doctor Boverly seemed himself, pres- working sometimes far into the night, and do-

"She bowed so coldly, it was impossible not to she recognized only too well: it was that of the see her face. But she kept it averted, and half mortgage on the house, and the interest had to see what it meant. The doctor was on herse- wheels beginning to turn; and she knew that, concealed by her sleeve, back, going his rounds; and he dushed up quite | long before Doctor Beverly could arrive on the

She hesitated no more. With a cry that rang Miss Glendower herself had heard of this far and nearon the still air, she sped on, reached assumed attachment, and in the very insolence | the bridge, and for an instant tottered on the | me. I thought it was lost to my sight forever, of her success attacked the dector on the sub- log, which rocked under her flying steps. But | when that horrible sheet of spray went over it, other children's one, and his knees and elbows she bravely steadled herself, and springing for- to-day. Didn't you hear my cry? My darling, "Ab!" she said, "this Janet Harlow. Will ward, in another instant was within reach of how could you risk the life which you knew

seen but little of her; our circle is not exactly cried. She strained her gaze to see through daze. What did it all mean? Had she been developed to an alarming extent. He could the same; but propie go wild over her wisdom, the cloud of blinding spray; but she could mistaken? Was her jealousy uncalled for? goodness, and general graces of character and | make out no more than that the forward wheel | She felt as if, but for his presence, she must person. I believe you and she have long been | was yet stationary, and that there was a long | pour out the eestacy of her heart in song. regarded "-she spote with something of a strip of white whirling water shooting out from snear-"as models of Platonic devotion to each the wheel nearest; and that, beyond, in the smile as of old," pleaded the doctor. "A cloud secthing, boiling pool, there was a mass of white | has come between us lately, Janet dear; but it Doctor Beverly bit his lip, and his face | -a woman's form-being tossed up and down, | has passed. Oh, believe me, I never loved any- | ing that "dere was enuf monfs to feed widout clouded. He had seen but little of Janet, of | and rushing on towards the other wheel, which, | one but you." late; for, as Mrs. Weatherby had said, she was | the moment it began to revolve, would take it | proud; and having observed his attentions to up, and whirl it around and around, and tear It was made in whispers, broken by sobs-by

ness, or an indifference, or something had To reach this mass of white-to drag it from the anguish, the doubts, and the temptations they had a great affection for Linkum. He grown up between him and her. He hardly its peril, before it was too late, was all that knew, new, what to think of it all, or what to Janet thought of, cared for, now. On the risk murderess, "at least in intention, and for a natured and merry you must be feeling very she ran, she never gave a thought. But how moment," she said. the fair interrogator had been stand- to effect her purpose? Always cool and self- But Doctor Beverly was in no mood to listen ing on a bridge, just outside of the village. She | possessed, there came to her now, in this mo- | to accusations against her, even from her own | would make one's heart ache to look at her she had busied herself dropping pebbles into the | ment of supremest peril, a more than ordinary | lips. self-reliance, an infinite capacity of seeing "Are you thinking of Miss Harlow, that you | every possibility, and at once. Her mind was

sional call you have to make, and which, you There was a beam, fortunately, overhead. have been too late. A murderess? No, an he might not find people who would bear with say, must cut short our stroll here? You heard To take advantage of this was her only chance. angel." And he stooped and kissed her rever- his troublesome pranks. But one day she said She reached up her arms toward it, to support | ently. herself, just as a quick cry burst from the It was a week before Miss Glendower heard lost two of her music scholars, and her eyes "But I was thinking whether Miss Janet and | bridge-a cry of infinite agony: "Janet! of this interview. It was Mrs. Caxton who myself had been the models of Phatonic devo- Janet! Oh, God!" it said; and she knew the then told her. The city belle listened silently.

in another second had lifted herself over the Did he mean there had been something more | race. Alas, as she dropped into the water, she, | cleared away, as if the clouds had gone; for | than Platonic affection? Miss Glendower's too, was buried in the tossing spray. But she she remembered that Janet had saved her life. did seem very sad. Christmas had not been blue eves questioned his for an instant. Then | cared nothing for this. "If I can only reach |

Doctor Beverly saw it all. But he did not wait to witness the result of her rash venture. He knew it was only madness to attempt a He stooped nearer to her over the railing, rescue until the machinery was stopped. Conand suddenly felt, as never before, the spell of sequently, when Janet came up between the two wheels, gasping and breathless from her "Yet," he added, hesitatingly, as long as I | desperate plunge, he was rushing in at the have known Miss Harlow, she has not, in all mill-door, and, a moment after, was himself

Janet, when she came to the surface, was be-"Six weeks?" she repeated, lifting her boat- | wildered and blinded by the dash of the waters;

Her aim was to draw herself and Miss Glen-

avocation. Her first impulse was to turn back. the sudden stopping of the wheel and the house, and for ventilation. The hot smoke | new employer to inquire if he wasn't subject | The skirmishing all day and the marching all But seeing that she had been recognized, she subsidence of the maelstrom of waters seemed knew that this would not do; it would look to her but a part of some vague dream. She the sides of the rooms in this way will, it is faint away. Hence, she did not see the couple at first, equal to the occasion. The doctor felt of white, terrified faces which presently peered | heating can be done with about one-half the self-condemned. In Janet's pure presence, he over the wheel. Neither did her eyes unclose, fuel required in ordinary houses. All the wondered how this sorceress could have be- even when Richard Beverly himself bent down guiled him, even for a moment. Janet, igno- over her and unclasped her fingers from their but will be constructed in such a light way and and he responded with a faint semblance of one ing some hot vanguard. It was the last night rant of all this, and remembering only what | tenacious hold on Blanche Glendower's wet | so nicely balanced upon hinges and weights as | of his customary grins to the good-byes show- of the pursuit. Sheridan, who was just a little she thought his neglect, was haughty and cold. garments. She did utter a low moan, however, to open and shut as easily as those made of ered upon him. but gave no other sign of consciousness until "What a love of a dog that is you have, Miss the miller came back to carry her out, in turn. be handsomely painted and frescoed so as to a resolve to ask Mr. Savage, the lawyer, whose at any moment, and asked us to make about Harlow," she cried; for a perfect little spaniel | As he stooped to raise her, she looked up at |

> whisper. "The drownin' would ha' been easy got over;

"Miss Harlow—Janet—" broke in the doctor. save her, didn't I?"

"In course you did, miss-more'n any other Miss Glendower, coolly, atmost insolently, "is woman would ha' done; and in course you doubtless right." She saw the girl suffering; can't help it if she's done for outright. A body but instead of pitying her, triumphed in it. | wouldn't s'pose you could keep yourself from "A per of that kind is out of place, when one dyin', you look so dead beat. Are you hurt gether. Quite a curiosity in this room will be mother's heart. anywheres?"

"No, I think not." She made an effort as she spoke, and slowly by Janet's words; he could no longer be just. lifted herself; but a sharp swift pain cut Miss Harlow, being a weman," be said, through her ankle, and she sank back again; cynically, "one cannot condemn her for her a dead faint for awaile making her oblivious to guard against the bulging which would to go to his office, because he held the mortgage | Maine was in the very front, he was holding at of all things, even of the physical agony.

covered consciousness. The face she saw first was that of Dame Margery, the miller's wife, "That his sex is always ready to play a double | wet and wrinkled, as only tears and grief could make it. Janet smiled at her, in tender recog-

Then the sluggish tides about her heart "Was it not Talleyrand," answered Janet, person present: Dr. Beverly himself. In- that it may cost twice or three times as much as with a disdainful curl of her lip, as abe turned stinctively she jerked her wrist away, for he away, "who said that he had awara allegiance | was feeling her pulse. He seemed, however,

quite with his professional air. "You need "Dear me, what a spitfire," cried Miss Glen- not be anxious about her. Apply the wet

room, Janet looked at him so wistfully that he She looked up at Doctor Beverly, as she stopped, seemed to repent of his cold indiffer-

> But there was something that hurt me awhile "Your ankle has been injured."

"Ob, not broken?" "I suppose he has taken Miss Harlow at her | "No. Only badly sprained, But your nervfor him." And she gave him one of her Circe- | Do you think you can be obedient," with a smile, "for once in your life?"

How beautiful that smile was. How beautiful he knew, as a professional man, that he ought Half an hour after, Janet, returning from her to put a stop to the conversation, there was was a holiday, which accounted for her absence | had not the heart to disregard it. He touched

so much work on hand that he could only give | you will not even think of the accident? Miss highself half a day, and was now going back to Glendower is really in no danger. And do you know," she shivered at the name, "that you "By the way," he said, "I passed that fine saved her life? You are a heroine among ten town lady on the bridge. I wonder who she is thousand."

"Here, under your own roof. I took the liberty to bring her here, as this was the nearest place. The cut in her temple is deep, and She drew back, as she said this, hiding her- | has bled a great deal; but I can speak almost positively: she will, I think, recover." The color flew into poor Janet's white face,

She turned to the back of the sola to conceal her weakness, and said, sharply: "I wonder you leave her. It is unnecessary

'Yes, there is no positive need for my being

have come to tell me she was better. Doctor | now.

have withheld the good news. for they did not relinquish their hold. So

"Janet," he said, in a half whisper, at last. There was no response. "Oh, Janet, do not hide your dear face from | habit,

was more precious to me than my own?" But Janet did not speak. Her mind was in a "One word only—even a look—a single dear

Then, at last, Janet made a full confession. | done went off and carned his own Hbin'. hysterical laughter, at times, even. She told of Aunt Patra say that, for in spite of his pranks

"You are a heroine. You saved Miss Glen- as badly as the children to think of letting dower's life. But for you, the rest of us would | Linkum go away, especially as she was afraid

There was a shadow on her face, as though the longer, and the interest on the mortrage was But Janet had already seized the beam, and | clouds she was watching left something of their | overdue. And a man over in Lancaster wanted gloom upon it. Later, though, the shade to hire Linkum to cut wood,

humming the words:

"Love is made a vague regret; Eyes with idle tears are wet; Idle habit links us yet. What is love? For we forget-Ah, no! No!" -Peterson's.

A HOME OF IRON.

The Novel Dwelling which a Pennsylvania Man has Projected.

county, Penn., is about to build a palatial prideepened in the sating smoothness of her But it was only for an instant that she was | vate mansion for himself entirely of iron, the | to hire Linkum, he must go, although it cheek. "Can it be we have known each other | thus bewildered. She had grasped Miss Glen- foundations being of solid rock. The archibut six weeks? How much Mas Harlow ought | dower, and the touch brought back all her | tect is an Englishman whom Mr. Huston met | to have discovered in you, in the years she has | native presence of mind and cool calculating | while abroad. The iron work is now being | turned out at Coatesville, as the superstructure is to be of iron entirely. The floor of the hall, Her voice trembled as she spoke. If she was | dower up out of the water, and on to a bank of | vestibule and library will be laid with polished sand at one side, and, as it were, almost in the cast-iron tiles, in which different qualities of Suddenly they heard footsteps approaching, embrasure of the wall. Here they would be iron will be used to produce the same variety same, if it is a new year," said Aleck. "I of color as in ordinary tile flooring. All the | wish this would be a brand new year!" sation. Janet, at the same moment, became least for awhile, or possibly until help could other floors of the house will be of stout iron aware of their presence. She had come for a come. But in this undertaking she did not plates firmly bolted to the iron joists. The walk, to the picturesque old mill, which lay succeed until she had well-nigh exhausted her outside wall and inside partitions all through who wanted to hire him came for him, and fore the dawn. The enemy was in a hopeless the world of space in the deep night, that "All just beyond the bridge, and which was a great | own strength and hope. She sank down finally, | the structure will be composed of two courses | favorite with her, the bulling sound of the nevertheless, when all was over, her face al- of iron plates firmly bolted together, so as to water, the mossy whoel, and the coel atmos- most as deathly as that of the beautiful and | be air-tight. These hollow iron walls and parso often jarred, and even overtasked, by her Jamet was indeed so nearly insensible that for conveying heat to different parts of the were really frightful to hear, and caused his inevitable. The campaign lasted 12 days only. and gases from the furnaces passing through | to cramp in the stomach. last consciousness, if she did not absolutely | claimed, be almost sufficient to keep the house comfortable in the coldest weather, so that the | view. doors and window sashes will also be of iron, wood. All the inside walls and partitions will "Is she dead?" she asked, in an awed | tectecture will be light and graceful, and it | strange young man at the desk, and Mr. Savage | was blackest midnight when with flushed will be painted and ornamented so as to look "Dead? Not a bit of it," he replied, sturdily. as if it was built of wood. The roof will be of turned his head to say, carelessly, to Tommy; strong boiler-plate, and on the top, at the conbut she's somehow got a cut on her temple, vergence of the four gables, will be a handsome services, as this young man, who is to study by the dews of the Virginia Spring. Scarcely "I cannot help it if she dies, can I?" she ments will be made of the same material. In call some time when I am not busy I'll give it in his hand a note from Sheridan: "If you can the parlor will be a mantel of polished steel, to you." handsomely ornamented. There will be a similar one in the dining-room, upon which will be engraved hunting scenes. In the library will be a massive mantel so constructed that it will look as if it were made of pig iron fused toa cabinet for the exhibition of specimens of iron. This will be constructed entirely of strongly magnetized iron, so that all the specimens will adhere to the back of it, held in | take place in such a solid iron structure on on their house, and he might say something bay all that was left of the proudest army of Pephaps so," replied Janet, as, with some | What with her exhaustion and the shock of account of the contraction or expansion caused about the unpaid interest; but as it was the | the Confederacy. Suddenly an officer from bitterness, she saw the dog, at a word from the pain, Janet's syncope was a prolonged one, by the heat and cold, there will be breaks in only chance for work that there seemed to be. Sheridan appeared and delivered this message: her. "But Aipha has taught me one thing, at cottage across the stream before she again re- rubber, so that when expansion takes place his office door. there will be room for it without producing any change in the contour of the framework. As much as possible of the furniture will also be of iron, so that if it takes fire in any part, "Oh! now, my dear Miss Harlow," said Miss | nition of the gentleness with which she was | nothing can burn but the carpets and the few articles of wood that may be within reach of the | words were not very polite. flames. The house will be an architectural flowed more vigorously, as she saw another and scientific cariosity. Mr. Huston admits an ordinary house, but claims that with a little attention it will last for centuries without repairs, and will never cost a cent for insurance.

Manitoba. [By Joaquin Miller.] O neighbors, neighbors, rouse you! Quick! My hearth is empty and forlorn, My heart is empty, faint and sick, For John came dragging home at morn, Two frozen limbs, and oh! and oh!

My boy left buried in the snow! Nay, blame not John. The day was wild With driving snow that drowned his face, The hidden sleigh now holds my child, The horse stands frozen in his place. Come, neighbors, quick! Be not so slow!

My boy lies buried in the snow, The snow is frozen; follow me! Like ice this gleaming sea of snow! And far across the frozen sea The mound where he is lying low. Oh, like to gold his hair; his eyes Were bits of yonder bluest skies.

I clad my boy as best I had.

My boy! my poor, lost farmer lad!

Oh, that I had you with me still! Why, I would give these snowy lands To knit two mittens for his hands! But, neighbors, neighbors, here! Behold This mound of snow, this broken place!

A sweet face in a sheen of gold! Two blue eyes langing in my face! My boy, my boy, sife, sound, and well,

Breaks like some chicken from his shell!

-The Advance.

The sleigh sped ringing toward the mill.

"Where is she-Miss Glendower?" she asked, A Brand-New Year; Or, How the Mortgage was Paid Off.

[By Sophie Swett.]

There were so many of them !-Tommy and Aleck, Jack and Jill (Jill's name was really Goraldine, but everybody called her Jill because she and Jack were twins and always together), Becky and Taddy, and little Sam and the baby. Robert Lee Lincoln, Aunt Patra's boy, who, when it came to mischief, was the equal of all

Once it had been only a cause of rejoleing that they were so many; they could have no end of fun by themselves, and they were to sorry for the little Engusous, who were only two, and could play hardly any rousing game at home of a rainy day; and as for Thanny lirm. Thorpe, who had not one simple brother or sister, he always made them think of the poor giant Pewobbet, who was shut up in an iron trickled all away. But, oh dear! everything was sadly changed

Beverly, himself, probably; for he could not | Papa had lost all his money, and they had been obliged to leave their beautiful home in She turned her head again to the wall, as she | the South, and come away off to this little New England town, where a house and some land. had died suddenly, and they were left alone

among strangers, and with hardly any money. Mamma tried to keep the tears out of her ently, to become conscious of this symptom. | jug her very best to earn money enough to other, yesterday," said one of the listeners. But even as she spoke, she heard a sound that Alarmed, he steeped close over her, trying to make them all comfortable. But there was a be paid very often, and there was so many of them! And there was "that boy Linkum," That was what his old mamma always called "Janet," he said again, and now passionntely. him, and they had all fallen into the same

seemed to have such a fondness for the open air that they would make their way through the thickest cloth in less than a fortnight.

And Linkum's bump of destructiveness was not be trusted to take anything into his hands that could by any possibility be broken, and he declared himself that if he looked at a dish it "done fell over and split open,"

In the bottom of her heart Aunt Patra was very fond of Linkum, but she was always saydat lazy nigger's, an' it was high time dat he It made all the children very sad to hear badly indeed if Linkum couldn't cheer you up. would laugh, just as ske used to do, at some of she was afraid he would have to go. She had were beginning to trouble her so that she was afraid she should not be able to sew much

It was the last day of the year, and things But Mrs, Caxton was not deceived. Not even | in the least like any Christmas that the chil-Miss Glendower," she thought, "before the when afterwards she heard the low sweet voice dren had ever known. It did seem a little too bad that Santa Claus should turn the cold shoulder upon one because one was poor. And now, with all the rest of their troubles, they must part with Linkum-poor Linkum-who doubled himself up as if he were in pain at the mere mention of his going, and uttered most melancholy howls.

Tommy, who was the oldest, and felt himself to be the man of the family, although he was only twelve, shared his mother's confidence, and realized what sore straits they were in. George L. Huston, of Parkesburg, Chester | He agreed with his mother that since there was nobody in the neighborhood who wanted seemed almost too hard to be endured.

"Well, to-morrow is New Year's Day; perhaps something very nice will happen," said Jill. Jill read fairy stories, and was always expecting things to happen just as they did in

the stories. "Sometimes things go on happening just the It did seem very sad that Linkum should

have to go on New Year's Day, but the man matter, for it never would do to begin the new | year with tears, and besides, their tears gave titions will be used instead of chimneys and | renewed impetus to Linkum's howlings, which |

Poor Tommy! He left the office without a word, his hopes all crushed. There were very

few chances for a boy like him to get work in the town. He might have to go away as | dreamer hears the bugle note. The horses are Linkum had done, and that would break his | hurried up. The men form in short ranks. In

work that he could do at the iron-mills; a few | the hoarse artillery, drowned by the surly roar odd jobs would be better than nothing. Mr. Forbes, the superintendent, was always | dan is square across the rebel retreat, and with place solely by magnetic attraction. In order | busy, and a man of few words. Tommy dreaded | that glorious cavalry alone, in which our First

> we do, there are plenty of big ones in the to drive him from the field." Such chanced to world, so we needn't take up with a little chap | be my own order. like you." But there was a pleasant twinkle | Breaking from the woods we soon catch sight in his eyes, so Tommy didn't mind that his of Sheridan's banner. Beneath it sat that calm

> tinued Mr. Forbes. "Well, we do need an | In full view of us our cavalry gallantly stemoffice-boy, but I was thinking of having one older | ming the fire of the Stonewall Jackson corps. than you, who could help the clerk with his We wheel into line of battle. Every arm of accounts sometimes. Are you quick at fig- the service was in full play. On one side the

> Mr. Forbes, who was looking him over care- were coming up and forming a sort of semifully all the time. "You may come to-morrow | circle. Coming up on the rebel rear are the morning, and I will try you.

> told the good news. office of the Iron Company, and the clerk was | take their ground near the court-house of the not so pleasant as Mr. Forbes; and when he little hamlet called Appointatox. We press forfound that Tomney was both quick and exact ward on the south side. The die is cast. We at figures, he left work for him to do that did | hear the rattle of our light artillery coming up not rightfully belong to his share, and he some- | behind, and we catch glimpses of Sheridan times went away when he ought not to go, and | closing on the fee. We dash on over swamp left Tommy in sole charge of the office. should daunt him, and he never complained, line, one of them waving a flag of truce. and Mr. Forbes's attention was attracted from what was going on in the office by disturbances | delivers his message; "Gen. Longstreet desires in the mills, owing to the dissatisfaction of the | a cessation of hostilities until he can hear from men and their threatening to strike for higher | Gen. Lee as to a proposal of surrender." Meanwages. One night, at the end of Tommy's sec- | time, of course, we still advance. We have no ond week at the milts, the clerk, who had been orders to halt, but the firing slackens on both absent for half the afternoon, failed to return | sides. In a moment comes the order to cease at six o'clock, the usual time for closing the | firing and to halt. A truce is agreed upon till office. Tommy had no authority to close it, and | 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Four o'clock comes, as Mr. Forbes had gone to a distant town to No word from Lee and Grant is heard; so what secure a new corps of men in case there should | have we to do after this but to resume hostili-

wait until the clerk returned.

while he was waiting. But just as he sat down | late into the night.

he turned, instead of the clork, whom he ex- about midnight, I was ordered to have my comwas sure they were mill hands, although he | Virginia. It was chilly that morning, but you could not see their faces.

the said," said one of them. the whereabouts of the key of the safe Tommy extent-facing north. We were not ashamed wondered, the natural supposition being that to face that way now. Old Massachusetts to Mr. Forbes eatried it about his person, as, in- the right of the line-all that was left of herdeed, he habitually did; but from the fact | Eighteenth, Twenty-second; Thirty-second that some valuable papers which were kept in and the Forty-first Myine willing to follow the sale were being copied by the clerk and where she was worthy to lead, and the proud

draw in Mr. Forbea's deak. key?" demanded Tommy. He was conscious | ments of her once glorious First, Fourth, Sixof a little inward quaking, but his tone was atcenth; then Pennsylvania on the left with all

said one of the men. "We'll trouble you to Eighteenth, and One Hundred and Fifty-fifth. tell us where that key is, or-" and he drew a | In the rear of us, Gregory's New York brigade pisted from his pocket and laid it down where of new troops, but worthy. Opposite, our own Formmy could see it.

the building, everybody leaving at six o'clock, naming that we were disposed to criticise. He therefore to call for help would be useless; but | insisted, however, that while private property even while he thought of it one of the men should be respected wherever it might be, all thrust a gag into his mouth, while the other that belonged to the sees sion-the rebel army, tightly pinioned his arms.

them with a fierce oath. and the ropes cut his arms so that the pain was and reluctantly forming ranks for the last time.

he could only cry out! Toning as if all his hopes of seeing mother, On they came, the rebellion battle-flags with brothers, sisters and home went with them. the diagonal cross and the I3 stars. The head But a sentence from one of Jill's old stories of the robel column comes opposite our right, kept repeating itself in his mind: "So Sir and at the bugle signal we come to the "Carry Cutlibert did his duty as a true knight, know- arms." The rebel commander, Gen. Gordon, at

with innumerable heads, and forceious weives. gives the command to "Carry." Not a sound Tommy wondered, vaguely, in the midst of his from the trumpet, nor roll of drum, but in stillpain, whether Sir Cuthbert ever got home to ness as if indeed the dead were passing there his mother: he didn't remember to have heard | thus they moved. Then they stacked arms and the end of the story.

The men were growing fiercely angry that | the pile. Lastly, painfully, they furled their they could not find the key, and one was blam- battle-flags and laid them in the dust; some ing the other that they had not tools with kneeling down over them and kissing them which to break open the safe. Tommy knew | with burning tears. And then the Star-spangled that they would waste no more time, but would | Banner waved alone upon the field Thus all force him to tell now, if they could. Some- day long, division after division comes, goes thing very like despair came over him, when, through the ceremony, and passes on. Having suddenly pressed against a window-pane, he been stripped of citizenship, and giving their saw a face-a black face, surmounted by a honor never to raise arms again, they can go woolly top-knot-Linkum's face!

and gone to heaven when he saw that face. single man of ours. There was something like But it was only the beginning of a merciful a half-fraternal feeling toward these men. We unconsciousness.

ed to pieces, and when Tommy opened | had made the war, we had ende his eyes it was upon Linkum's face close beside | On the morrow, along the hillsides, what a his, some officers putting handcuils upon the contrast indeed! Singly, or in groups, on foot, "You are morbid to-day, dear," he said. Linkum's droll sayings. And it made her feel men, and a crowd of people pouring into the on horse, are those men making their way,

deshed door?" Linkum was explaining. "How | weary march homeward, it was dull to plod on if dis here nigger was dat homesick he couldn't | without skirmishers ahead. It was tame, too, stand it nohow, to done fotch hisself home, an' that where the road ended no pickets were you wouldn't eat a bit but what he done had his share ob? Dis nigger was dat miserable leaden songsters. It seemed a waste of opporhomesick he tought for sure he'd die, an' he | tunity that upon the march, when we entered done come home. He look all round de win- a valley no battery belched upon us from the ders ob de house an' couldn't see nufilm' ob yer, heights beyond. an' he hear 'em say mighty quar yer done stay so late, 'an he come to de office, 'on he see light | the years. I see a new generation standing bean' hear voices, but couldn't get in, an' it seem | fore me and around. But though sometimes mighty quar, so he done climb up do spout an' the heart will yearn for those stirring duties look in de winder! Didn't take him long to and those high companionships of the field, still,

fotch a ossifer an' break in dat do'!" So the safe, which contained a great deal of money as well as valuable papers, was untouched, and Tommy was the hero of the hour. Everybody was crowding around to have the privi- | eyes were wont to gaze across their silent waters, lege of shaking hands with him. And Linkum of how many hearts are still to-night that then

was not without his share of praise. But the best is yet to tell. Mr. Forbes made Tommy a present of the mortgage deed candeal more than that, and it was only his due. He also raised his salary, for he said the com-

Young People. LEE'S SURRENDER. A Graphic Description of the Scene at Appointtox by General Chamberlain.

[From the Brunswick (Me.) Telegraph.] was to be tried we prepared to break camp be about from place to place, and whispers through they all resolved to put a brave face on the condition—their right smashed, their centre is well." pierced, their strong works in front lost, their principal line of communication cut, Petersburg in our possession, the fall of their capital night, and then on the last three days the At the very last Tommy took Linkum be- racing and pursuit greatly wearied our men. hind the shed-door for a little private inter- | The only hope of the enemy was to push westerly by a pathway that led them along the What was said there nobody knew, but when | south of the Appointatox River. That pathway he emerged from the retirement the cramp in | was traversed by many streams, and as they Linkum's stemach seemed greatly improved, rushed along it was only to find at every crossway ahead, had sent back word that he was Tommy took his way to his daily work with | close upon the enemy and likely to strike him present the appearance of an ordinary house office-boy he was, to raise his wages. But eight miles more than the hard day's march finished in plaster. Outside, the style of archi- when he opened the office-door there was a | that we might keep up with the cavalry. It was occupied with several gentlemen. He faces and aching limbs we reached the goal, Down we lay there in our blankets, supportess; "I sha'n't have any further need of your fevered by the heat of the march, then chilled observatory supported at the four corners by | with me, will attend to your duties. I believe | has the first broken dream begun, when a four Ionic pillars of iron. Inside, the orna- there is a small sum due you, and if you will mounted officer splashed down the road, bearing possibly push out your infantry to-night we

> will have great results in the morning." Almost before the lingering echoes of the "Halt" have died away, the tired brain of the three hours we have reached Appointtox Sta-It was just possible that there might be some | tion. Already we can hear the sharp ring of of the rebel guns. There is no mistake. Sherihe summoned all his courage and knocked at | "Sir, -Gen. Sheridan wishes you to draw off two columns and come to his support. The "Want a boy?" said Mr. Forbes. "Well, if | rebel infantry is pressing him hard, and likely

> yet headlong man mounted on the hery steed "You're Tommy Woodford, are you?" con- that had turned the battle of the Shenandoah. line rolled back; on the other pressed irresisti-"I am not so very slow, sir," he said, bly on. As the battle took shape we became modestly. "You might try me. the extreme right of a semicircle enveloping the extreme right of a semicircle enveloping "Well, that is not a bad suggestion," said Lee. Meantime the other corps of infantry Second, Sixth and Ninth Corps of our army, Tommy flew home as if he had wings, and and unless they can break through us within a half hour, all is lost by them. The rebel bat-He found that there was hard work in the | teries are drawn off from the crest, and they and stream. All is excitement. Soon two But Tommy was determined that nothing horsemen come galloping out from the rebel

> The aide makes his graceful salutation and be a strike, Tommy had no alternative but to | ties? The order came: "Prepare to make or receive an attack in 10 minutes." We pushed Night had closed in before six o'clock, and a forward our skirmish lines; but Lee and Grant

storm was threatening, and Tommy thought had come. The final answer is not long of his long, cold walk, and longed for the home coming now. The surrender is made by Lee. fireside and the cakes that Aunt Patra loved to What a word for us! That sky must have been keep hot for him. Then he remembered that broaze that it was not rent asnualer by the upsome of the next day's work might be done | roar of shouting and cheering that continued

at the desk and opened the account-book the | We were in camp all the next day while door was suddenly thrown open.

Gens. Grant and Lee were arranging the depected to see, two rough-looking men stood be- mand out at 5 o'clock the next morning to refore him. One of them turned the key. Tommy | ceive the colors of the rebel army of Northern may safely guess we were on time. We formed "All we want of you, youngster, is the key of | in line of battle, stretching along the south street of the town from the bank of the stream How they knew that he was acquainted with | to the court-noise-three-quarters of a mile in Tourney, the key was deposited in a little secret | fragments of the Twentieth and First sharpshooters; Michigan, never behind when a bold What right have you to ask for the safe blow was to be struck, with the shadowy fragthat remained to be seen of her Sixty-sixth, "We don't mean to waste words with you," Eighty-third, Ninety-first, One Hundred and gallant little First brigade.

Tommy remembered that he was alone in | In that surrender, Gen. Grant showed a magofficers and men, must march out in due cere-We'll try our luck at finding it, and if we mony and lay down their arms and colors in can't do that we'll make him tell," said one of the presence of some portion of our troops. As we stand there in the morning mist, we see the The gag choked him almost to suffocation, rebel army breaking camp, and then slowly almost unendurable. Footsteps sounded in the | And now they move-the great mass breaking corridor, and some one tried the door. Oh, if | into a column of march; Gen. Gordon, with the Stonewall Jackson corps, then Longstreet's As the footsteps died away it seemed to corps, then Hill's corps, commanded by Heath. Linkum were out two pairs of shoes to the ing that God had created him for nothing less." the head of the column, observes this little Sir Cuthbert fought dragons and surpents | courtesy, and drops the point of his sword and took off their cartridge-boxes and laid them on where they will. Meantime, all days no taunt, It seemed to Tommy that he must have died no cheer, nor whisper of vainglory escapes a were fellow-soldiers at last. The tremendous There was a crash as if the whole world had | battles were wrought by us together. Whoever

every one for his far-away home, and we are "You 'member what you done tole me behind | left alone and lonesome. When we took up our placed, and our peace not to be disturbed by the

But all is over now, and fast vanishing with when I think of all the noble spirits that have passed in battle and the storm, and how those little Virginia rivers are flowing on to-night, just as they did while yet those earnest young beat stronger than their tide, I thank God and heaven that no bugle on to-morrow's dawn shall wake us to reveille. Let us not forget, dear celled. He said Tommy had saved him a great friends, the last martyr; the last? I should not say so; for are they not dying day by day, and hour by hour, the heroes who fought the way pany could afford to pay for such services as his. to the glorious end? But the great martyr, who, And he gave Linkum a situation in the mills, in the supreme moment of his victory, "with so he didn't have to go away again. Aleck said | malice toward none, with charity for all," fol-"it really was a brand new year!"—Harper's lowing the right as God gave him to see the right, went to join his 300,000-that army of the unsurrendered, undischarged, who still forever keep watch and guard about us. I see them, marshaled in that pale yet glorious array on the battlement heights that forever shall keep this Nation as one, and that commanding form, that homely, true face, I see among them, On the evening before the great question and hear at times a sentiment which moves

SONGS OF THE CAMP. John Burns of Settysburg. Have you heard the story that gossips tell Of Burns of Gettysburg? No? Ah, well: Brief is the glory that here earns, Briefer the story of poor John Burns; He was the fellow who won renown-The only man who didn't back down When the rebels rode through his native towns But held his own in the fight next day, When all his townsfolk ran away. That was in July, sixty-three, The very day that General Lee, Flower of Southern chivalry, Bailled and beaten, backward reeled

From a stubborn Meade and a barren field. And it was terrible. On the right Raged for hours the heavy fight, Thundered the battery's double base, Difficult music for men to face; While on the left-where now the graves Undulate like the living waves That all that day unceasing swept Up to the pits the rebels kept, Round shot ploughed the upland glades, Sown with builets, reaped with blades; Shattered fences, here and there, Tossed their splinters in the air; The very trees were stripped and bare; The barns that once held vellow grain Were heaped with harvests of the stain; The cattle bellowed on the plain, The turkeys screamed with might and main,

With strange shell bursting in each nast, Just where the tide of battle turns. Erect and lonely steed old John Burns. How do you think the man was dressed? He were an ancient, long buff vest, Yellow as saffron, but his best; And buttoned over his manly breast Was a bright blue cont, with a rolling collar And large gilt buttons-size of a dollar-With tails that the country folk called "swaller." White as the locks on which it sat. Never had such a sight been seen For forty years on the vilinge green-

And brooding barn-fowl left their rest,

And went to the quiltings long ago. Close at his elbows all that day Veterans of the Peninsula, Sunburnt and bearded, charged away; And striplings, downy of lip and chin, Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in, Glanced, as they passed, at the list he wore, Then at the rifle his right hand bore; And hailed him, from out their youthful lere,
With scraps of a slangy reperioirs:
"How are you white hat?" "Put her through,"
"Your head's level," and "Bully for you!"
Called him "Daddy," begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes, And what was the value he set on those? While Burns, unmindful of jeer and sooff, Stood there picking the rebels off, With his long brown rifle and bell-crown hat,

And the swallow tails they were laughing at 'Twas but a mement, for that respect Which clothes all courage their voices chocked; And something the wildest could understand Spake in the old man's strong right hand; And his corded throat, and the lurking frown Of his eye-brows under his old bell-crown, Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe

Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw, In the antique vestments and long white halr, The Past of the Nation in battle there; And some of the soldiers since deck That the gleam of his old white hat afar.

Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre, That day was their Oriflame of war. So raged the battle. You know the rest; Broke at the final charge and ran, At which John Burns, a practical man,

How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed, Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows, And then went back to his bees and his cows. That is the story of old John Burns; This is the moral the reader learns: In fighting the battle, the question's whether You'll show a hat that's white or a feather?